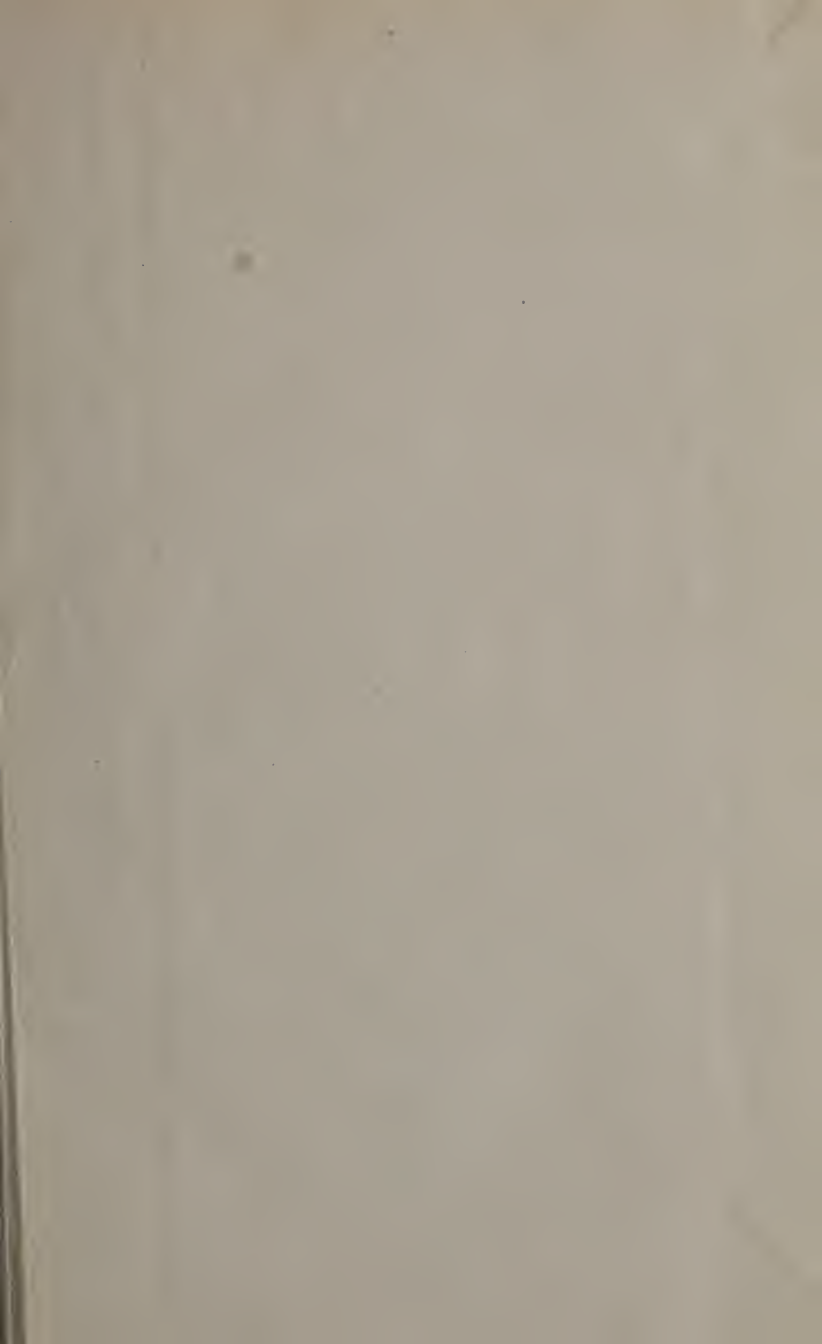


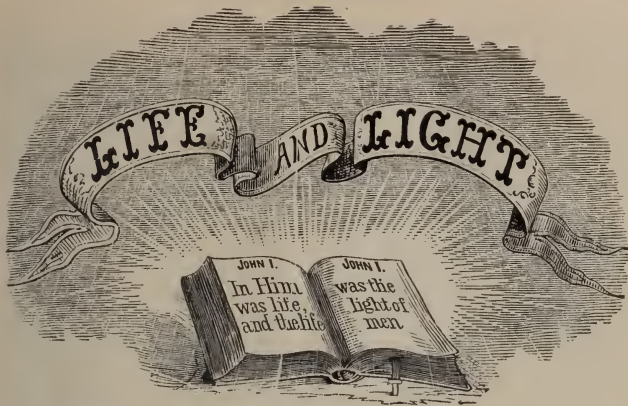


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VOL. XV.

MAY, 1885.

No. 5.

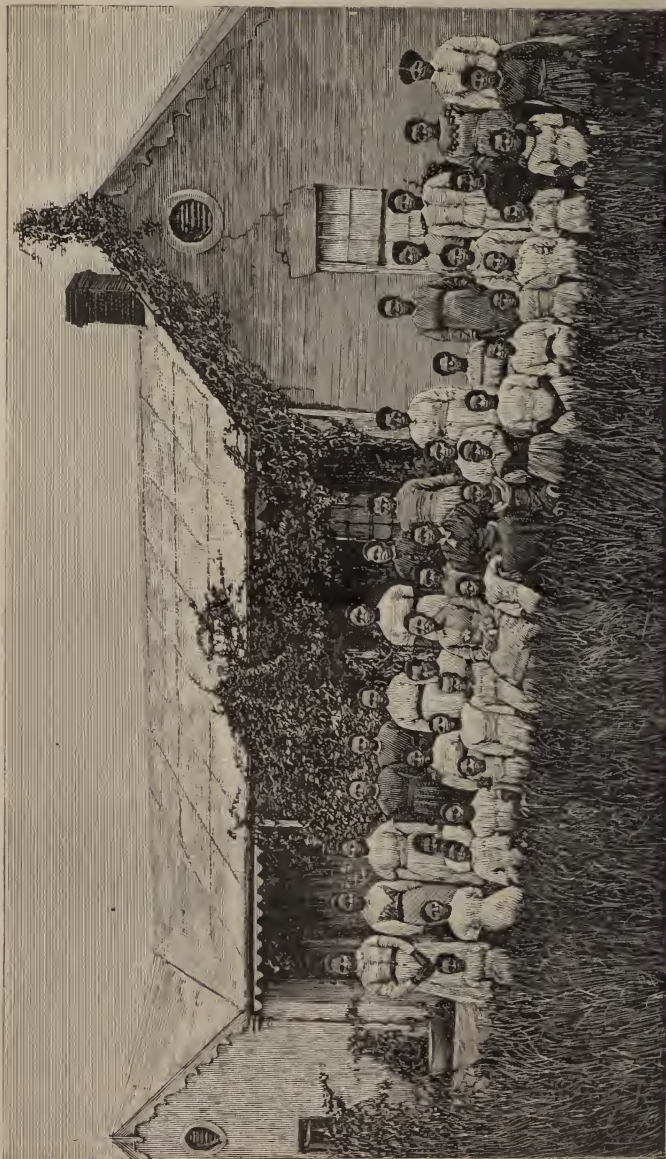
INANDA SEMINARY.

BY MISS M. E. PRICE.

As this school has just completed the fifteenth year of its existence, it seems a fitting time to review the past and take a closer look at the present. Some notice of its early history was given in the LIFE AND LIGHT of June, 1879, and what was said then need not be repeated.

At the time when the school was opened, so little interest was taken by parents in the education of daughters, that it seemed doubtful whether a school for girls would succeed at all. Nineteen, however, presented themselves the first term, and the number increased during the year to twenty-eight. Nine of these first pupils remained from four to six years, and one of them has been a valued helper in the school ever since her graduation. In the third year there were forty-seven pupils, more than could well be accommodated, and the overcrowded state of the rooms and the lack of sufficient help in teaching, made it necessary to send home an entire class.

This, although fully explained to the parents, caused some dissatisfaction, and kept away some in years following. In 1877 the increasing number was again reduced by enforcing the payment of board. A few were sent home on this account; others stayed away; but it was only a temporary reduction, and since 1879 the rooms have been well filled. The largest number of different



INANDA SEMINARY.

pupils present in one year was fifty-six, in 1880. The whole number connected with the school during the fifteen years, is two hundred and five. Of those who have left the school, thirty-one remained from four to six years, sixty-two from two to four years, and seventy-two less than two years. Day-pupils were connected with the school for several years: these are not included in the numbers given. For a time the station school of Inanda was taught at the school under Mrs. Edwards' supervision: over sixty scholars were in it.

There is a course of study arranged which covers five years. Most of those who come to us have been taught in the station schools, and are expected to read well in Zulu, and to have finished the English Primer and First Reader, and know a little of arithmetic. But many who come are poorly prepared to enter, and, as has been shown already, many are unable or unwilling to remain long in school; so it has been impossible for them to advance very far, as a whole. The instruction is given as far as possible in English, and much time has to be spent in the lower classes in reading and translating. More time is spent on the Bible than on any other book, as it is a daily study through the entire course. "Line upon Line" is used the first year; then the Bible itself is the text-book; the whole of the Old Testament history is taken up, also parts of the prophetic and poetical books, then, "Harmony of the Gospels" and Acts. The stories are read, then written by the pupils, and copied after correction. It is a great pleasure to teach these lessons, it is so easy to interest them, and they often ask a great many questions.

Arithmetic is studied through Interest and Proportion; Language Lessons and Grammar occupy considerable time—Geography, also. Besides these, the course includes a little of English History, Physiology, and Physical Geography.

Although quite a number had completed the course before that time, diplomas were first given to the class of 1881, numbering four. Eight have since graduated, and this year a class of six graduate. Two of last year's class are back for an additional year of study, and we hope future classes will follow their example, as it is very desirable for them to remain longer than the five years, if possible.

As may be supposed, many lessons have to be taught besides those found in books. The attempt must be made to form habits of personal cleanliness and tidiness in dress, as well as of punctuality and order. This requires line upon line and precept upon precept; still there has been progress. Some things are now established,—principles and matters of course,—which have become such only by much care and painstaking in the early years.



INANDA SEMINARY — TEACHERS' HOUSE — FRONT VIEW.

The girls have always been taught to make and mend their own clothes, and the older ones to cut them. This year an afternoon session of an hour and a half is spent in cutting and sewing,—making shirts and dresses for sale. All the work of the institution is done by the girls. The regular work, cooking, washing dishes, care of rooms, etc., is chosen weekly by the girls themselves. The miscellaneous circles are given an hour's work daily.

Then there is the wood to be cut, mealies to be ground, paths to be kept clean, and the grass to be cut in the large yard, which all take part in doing. This work gives them needed exercise, and helps to keep them happy and contented; they very often sing while doing it. With all their work they find some time for play, and enjoy a swing or a game of ball very much.

They are very fond of sewing, and often put a great deal of stitching on their dresses, which are usually of print. Then, if they have any spare time, they like to embroider "dukes" (handkerchiefs for the head) for their friends.

The school is not yet self-supporting, and may not be for a long time yet, but there has been progress. At first dresses were given, and for nine years only £88 were received from the parents. No clothes have been given since the first few years; and during the six years since payment has been required, £736 8s. 4d. have been received—an average of over £122 per year. None are sent away who are too poor to pay, but all who are able are required to pay £4 10s per year. This usually pays for all their food, but there are many other expenses which are met by the Mission and Government grants. The Government gives us £100 a year. The food given them is much the same as they have at home, the staple article being "mealie" (meal), which is made into porridge or mush for the morning and evening meal, and eaten with sugar. They like rice very much, and have it for dinner: they do not have curry. Meat and bread is given them twice a week. Potatoes, pumpkins, or green mealies furnish an occasional variety. They eat at tables, as many of the Christian natives now do in their homes, and have iron plates and spoons. The teachers have usually taken their meals in the same room with the girls, finding that the best way to educate them in table-manners, in which they are naturally quite deficient. In their sleeping-rooms are iron bedsteads, with mattresses and pillows filled with dried grass; sheets, blankets, and spreads. Their rooms are inspected twice a day, and marks given for any untidiness; and for each mark extra work is given on Saturday. Some of the girls who have been in the school have very pleasant homes of their own now,—houses of brick, with neatly furnished rooms. Forty-five

of those who have been connected with the school are married, eight have died, fifty-eight have been or are still engaged in teaching, sixty have become members of churches. The Mission has not thought it wise as a rule to encourage young girls to enter the church, so that few of the girls have joined while connected with the school, though a large number have expressed a hope that they were Christians. While there has been much to discourage in the conduct of many after leaving school, and of some of whom better things were expected, encouragement is not wanting; and when we consider what a short remove they are from heathenism, and how many temptations they have to meet, it is not surprising that many have not had strength to rise above their surroundings. Some have done good service as teachers, and have been helpers in good work at their homes.

On Mrs. Edwards' return to the school this year she received a very pleasant letter signed by the missionary ladies of the different stations expressing their appreciation of her work here in the past, and speaking of the help received from the school-girls on their return to their homes.

One of the graduates of 1882 is now at Inhambane, and Mrs. Wilcox writes of her, "She is a true missionary." Mrs. Edwards has just received a long letter from her: she incloses money to pay the board of a younger sister in the school. Two others are teaching in the large station school at Inanda. One has paid the board of three younger sisters in the school, and furnished their clothes. Ten of the girls and women at Inanda Station, who have nearly all been in the school, have joined the Blue-Ribbon Army.

IN A STRONG CITY.—No. 2.

BY MRS. W. B. CAPRON.

ANOTHER of our verses was this: "God willeth that all men should be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, one mediator, also, between God and man, himself man, Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all, the testimony to be borne in its own times."

"What is that you are reading?" said a silk-weaver, leaving his loom, and coming nearer the women; "the testimony to be borne in its own times." "I am reading God's proclamation," said the Bible-woman. "Your time and the time for Madura to hear has now come."

"Then read it to me," said the weaver. So she began the verse. He stopped her at almost every word. He questioned her closely on whether she herself had "a knowledge of the truth,"

and how it was to be had. The word "mediator" seemed to reach his soul. "That's the word for us," he said; "and here is His name given." He seemed greatly interested in hearing how this very same Jesus came down from heaven, the glory shining all around, until this poor world was reached. The Bible-woman told him that knowledge of the truth meant knowing all about this Mediator, until our hearts went out to him as a living, present, personal friend. Her narrative greatly interested us all as she went on to describe this man's eagerness. Her own enthusiasm was enough to rouse any soul.

Another Bible-woman was passing the head of a lane, and heard a voice calling her. She found the mother of one of our pupils standing on the doorstep with a group around her. "Come here," said the woman, "and read what you read yesterday about that Mediator, and how the Swamy gives us all knowledge." The Bible-woman is rather shy, and a survey of the situation disconcerted her. The central figure below the steps was a soothsayer, with his drum. He had intended to frighten that household into banishing the Bible-woman. So, beating away on his horrid drum, he finally, in a slow and solemn tone, said,—

"Your Swamy is very angry at something that is being done in this house."

Beating his drum again in a mysterious sounding thud, he stopped.

"You must give that up, or the Swamy will send a plague upon you."

"No, he won't," said the woman, fearlessly. "He is the Creator, and he wishes to save us, not punish us; and there is a Mediator for us."

The woman was going beyond her depth, when, as she afterward said, "the Lord himself sent the Bible-woman to pass that way." In obedience the Bible was opened, and there, under the clear sky, in that remarkable assembly, these wonderful words were read.

"There, that's it, and I like it," said this fearless woman. "I like that word Mediator; the great Swamy has let us know about him. He is not going to send a plague upon us."

The soothsayer was completely silenced at first; but as he turned away he gave his testimony. Said he: "These women, carrying a book about, are to be found in every street and every lane. There is no end to them. They get inside all the houses, and tell all their things till the women's heads are turned." And away he stalked, with his poor, old, little drum, leaving the Bible-woman with her words of blessing, instead of his words of cursing.

"Blessed be the Lord for he hath showed me his marvelous kindness in a strong city," was the fitting close to this most interesting narrative.

The last verse was this: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

I have no words to describe how the glory and beauty of this message broke over the groups of women to whom I read it. Whether interpreted as the glory of heaven yet to be revealed, or the unspeakable comfort of peace that environs us when in our distress we turn from all else and cling to One mighty to save, there was a reality that seemed like a seal of blessing from God himself. One woman said—

"Have you been to God's place to see, so that you know?"

A few days after, one of these listeners was herself in suffering, and there was reason for anxiety. She was using the expression, "Oh! Lord Jesus, have mercy on me, body and soul! Some one said to her, "Say, Oh Menachi, save me; don't say that other name."

"No; I will not say Menachi. If I am going to die, I am not going to Menachi. I am going to the Lord Jesus Christ in heaven, and he is the one to whom I am going to call." The Lord heard her, and spared her to give her testimony to her faith in him again. Her husband was taken with cholera in the dead of night. The relatives proposed going to Menachi Temple to break two cocoanuts, and that two cocoanuts should also be broken by the sick man, and Menachi invoked to save. To this, this dear woman quietly replied, "I do not trust Menachi, and I need no cocoanuts." As she told the Bible-woman: "I went into that room and shut the door and raised my hands to heaven, to the Lord Jesus, and told him that my only trust was in him; and then I did everything I could for my husband, and I all the time felt that he would not die." The Bible-woman read our precious verse again to her, to meet her warm response. Those of us who have known her for three years were much rejoiced over her.

A Bible-woman going into a house that seemed to offer no listeners, heard voices in an inner room, and hearing the word Lazarus, stopped to listen. To her surprise and delight she heard the parable of the rich man and Lazarus told with many Oriental touches; but the one fact that God loved the lonely and deserted man, and sent angels to take him to heaven, was dwelt upon with evident comfort. Going into the room she found two women who have always been interested listeners to Bible-readings. One was lying down with her foot badly burned, and the other was kindly en-

deavoring to divert her. "You see," said she, "our kind of stories are always the same; but your kind are always like new ones, and I thought I would tell this one to cheer her." The Bible-woman read our precious verse, and they both saw how God's love shines through all his word.

I must allow myself but one more incident. Bible-woman Harriet going to one of our pupils whom we think of as a Christian, found that she was prostrated from a recent attack of cholera. This was her account of it: "I was taken at midnight with great severity. I begged my brother to go for you, but he did not think best. I then shut my eyes and thought of the Mission Compound, and the trees, and your face, and the lady's face. Then I thought of heaven and the Lord Jesus, and it was comfort. I said: "O Lord Jesus, if it is thy will that my time to die has come, forgive all my sins and take me to heaven. If it is thy will that I get well, thou wilt help me. Thou knowest that I love all thy verses." She then asked that all these verses might be read to her. She had heard them all before, but she seemed like one with a new experience, who expected a new revelation.

"Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly."



MICRONESIA.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. LOGAN'S JOURNAL.

[Concluded.]

RUK LAGOON, Sept 29.

I AM sure you will all be glad to know that our voyage is over, and safely over. We had a tolerably quick passage from Mortlock: leaving there Thursday, we came to anchor here yesterday. It looks very beautiful to us here; and our hearts are full of thankfulness to the dear Father for bringing us safely through all the trials and dangers of the long, long way. We had a little praise service on deck last night, and all joined with full hearts in thanksgiving and praise.

We are just now anchored quite near a little island; and yesterday, after coming to anchor, a canoe or two came off to us. We made them understand that it was our sacred day, and asked them to go away and come again to-morrow. The chief man in the canoe assured us that the cocoanuts at this particular island were the largest, and the people the best: the ship must not move from here, etc. They brought some young cocoanuts, which they wished to sell. Mr. Logan started at about five o'clock this morning to go to Uman, where Moses, the Ponape teacher, lives.

We hope to get our location fixed upon to-day. The natives are beginning to come on board in numbers. Their ear-jewels exceed in number and length those of the Mortlock people, and there is plenty of yellow paint on them. A big native sits at the door of our little room as I write, and says in English, "Good; you savy write; me no savy write." Later, he came to the other door, and said, "You savy much read; smart woman; good feller." Then, feeling, I suppose, that he had paid me the compliments which the occasion required, he took his departure. The cattle ate the last of their hay yesterday.

October 1. Yesterday was quite an exciting day for us. Moses came early in the morning, and we set off in the boat to find our future home. Mr. Logan had been the day before to the island of Uola, to see a place picked out for us by Mr. Doane and Capt. Bray. He found the people there very anxious to have us come, and ready to do anything in their power for us. The location seemed, in many respects, a desirable one. We would have access there to a large number of people; yet we wanted to feel sure that it was the place for us, before anything was settled. Moses now proposed to take us to the large island of Fefan. Manassa, a Ponape teacher, is located on one side of it; but there are many people, so there would be plenty of room and work for us. Our boat stopped on the beach, and Moses went on shore to see the chief, as he said it would be in accordance with their etiquette that the chief should come out to welcome us before we should go on shore. We waited, what seemed to us, a long time, and were beginning to think it best to go away, when word came from Moses to be patient, as the chief was some distance away at work, and he would soon be here now. Moses had talked with some of the people while he was waiting; and when he asked them if they wanted the missionary to come to live among them, they replied, "Why do you ask? Don't we want all good things?"

At last the chief came, and, with quite a number of his people, waded out to the boat and gave us a formal welcome. He was a kindly old man, and we were favorably impressed with him. We went inland a little way, and sat down on a stone to rest. Many people — men, women, and children — gathered about us. We were objects of interest and curiosity to them. We found a beautiful spot, with a fine view off at sea; and after inquiry it seemed that the location might be, in every way, a desirable one, if the people wanted us enough to give us a piece of land there. When we first talked to them about putting our house there, they seemed very willing; but when they began to understand that we wanted not merely land enough to build a house on, but enough for large

mission premises, so that in case a school should grow up from our work, and we should wish to have scholars from other islands, there would be room enough and land enough, it began to look differently to them. We also told them that we had some cattle to bring on shore. They inquired if they would bite. We assured them that they would not; and, also, that we would not turn them loose to destroy their gardens, but would keep them tied until an inclosure could be made for them. There were some houses which would need to be moved; and the old chief said that though he would be glad to have us come, his people were rather unwilling to give up their claim upon the piece of land which we thought suitable for the mission. We looked about to try to find another place, but could see nothing that would answer; so that place seemed shut up from us. It was now three in the afternoon; and the boat coming for us, we decided that it was best to go to Uola, where Mr. Logan had been the day before. We had dined on shore from warm bread-fruit and a few sea-biscuits, so were ready for a boat-ride of seven or eight miles. I think we both felt a little blue; but we asked the Lord to choose for us, and to make the way very plain. Arriving at Uola, we were at once pleased and interested to see the different spirit manifested by this people, in contrast with those whom we had left at Fefan. Although they have never had a missionary of their own, yet, with Moses' help, they had built a nice little church. The location is not so pleasant or so desirable in many points as that at Fefan, but the chief said: "All this land here is mine. Take as much as you want, and have it for yours; and if you want some of this adjoining, I will see the man to whom it belongs, and you can have it." It did not take us long to choose a place for the house to stand; and we went back to the ship through the moonlight, weary enough, but feeling that the Lord had directed our steps.

October 2. The Fefan chief, with a number of his people, came to the ship to-day to tell us that they were very anxious to have us come and settle with them. They would now gladly give the land if we would come. They seemed much disappointed to find that they were too late, and we could not come. Mr. Logan told them that we would come to see them sometimes, and teach them; and perhaps a teacher would come for them some day. We felt sorry for them. If we could only multiply ourselves by five, there would still be work to spare. Cannot some one come to help us? A number of invitations have come in from people on the different islands since our location was decided. One man came yesterday while Mr. Logan was away, so I talked with him, and asked him *why* he wanted a missionary. He an-

swered, "I am tired of fighting, and I want my people to learn not to fight. I want them to be like the Uman people" (where Moses lives). Surely, here is a longing after better things.

October 4. The ship moved round to Uola yesterday, anchoring off the place which is to be our home, just before dark. Later, we came on shore with a boat-load of things, and have taken up our abode in the church for the present. We have been intensely interested to watch the people. Of course we and our many belongings (as they seem to them) are very wonderful. Nearly every day, thus far, fresh canoe-loads of people have come from a distance to see the strangers who have taken up their abode here. They thought it must be that we had knives and guns in our boxes. What else was worth bringing? The people seem very kind in their rude way. We have seen nothing like distrust or suspicion, and they have worked wonderfully well in getting our boxes up from the shore, and in carrying the lumber for the house; and of course we do not think of paying them for such work.

Young People's Department.

MICRONESIA.

LETTER FROM MRS. RAND.

We know our young friends will be interested in the following account of the wreck of the *Morning Star* by one who was on board. Although a little late, we trust it will, nevertheless, be interesting.



HAVE so much to write about that I hardly know where to begin. I think I will take you back to last January, when the *Morning Star* reached us. . . . I cannot begin to tell you what we passed through last autumn waiting for the *Star*. She ought to have reached us four or five months before she did. We were out of provisions, out of clothing, and, in fact, we were out of almost everything. I do not know what we should have done in case of sickness, with no medicine nor food; but, fortunately, we were kept well. There were nearly seventeen months

in our year — that is, in our Morning Star year. We were a whole year with no mail, with the exception of one letter I received in July, which contained the sad news of my father's death, and of my mother's severe illness, which they feared would result in death. From that time till the Star came, six months, I was in the greatest suspense to know how she was. I sincerely hope I shall never have to pass through another such six months.

The Star came, at last, in January. Soon afterward I went with Mr. Rand to the Mortlock Islands. Then, as the Star had to go east to Pinglap and Mokil, permission was granted us to come to Strong's Island, to see Dr. Pease, and remain here till the Star would be ready to sail for Honolulu, which would be in a week or ten days; and then, as she sailed for home, she could drop us at Ponape. We reached Strong's Island on the morning of February 22d. We had entered the passage, and were smoothly gliding along without a thought of danger, when the kedge which held the line from the ship slipped from its place on the reef, and before anything could be done we were at the mercy of the cruel breakers, that were higher than I have ever seen them before.

I was sitting in the cabin braiding Mabel's hair when the terrible crash came. The jar threw us over to the opposite side of the cabin, where we were obliged to hold on for dear life. Mabel screamed, and said, "Oh, save my doll!" A Kusaiean, who came on board before we struck, endeavored to calm her fears by telling her he would save her; but it was of no use, and her crying continued until we left the wreck. Every crash seemed as if it would break the vessel in pieces. We managed to get to the companion-way, which seemed to be the safest place, while the masts and spars were falling. The foremast broke away, and the mainmast was cut away. Then it was considered safe for us to leave. Mabel and I were picked up from the deck (there were no other ladies on board) and dropped into the arms of a sailor, who stood in the boat ready to catch us; and then, with natives outside to steady the boat, we were pulled safely through the breakers. When I looked back and saw our dear little vessel lying on her side, dead, as it were, my tears fell thick and fast. It is a great relief to us all to think that no blame can be attached to Captain Garland; he was very calm through it all. There were no lives lost, and the cargo was all saved. We feel very grateful that the vessel was wrecked at this island rather than at any of those farther west, where we should probably have suffered for food. Dr. and Mrs. Pease, the Walkups, and Miss Cathcart, gave us a warm welcome, and we were made to feel at home at once.

But what of Miss Fletcher, the only lady on Ponape? I

begged her to come to Strong's Island with me instead of Mr. Rand, for I thought she needed a change; but she did not want to leave this year. At the end of six weeks, during which time Capt. Garland was decking over one of the Star's boats, to make her sea-worthy, he and Mr. Rand, with two foreigners and one sailor, set out for Ponape; and if no ship was found there, the Captain, with one of the foreigners and the sailor, was to keep on to Bonnim's Island, a distance of 1,800 miles, where he would take the steamer to Japan. You can imagine, I know, how I felt about having Mr. Rand leave me to go 300 miles in a boat, supposing it would be months before I could even hear if he got there. He felt from the first that he ought to go, knowing how his work would suffer were he away from it much longer; but I said I would never consent to his going. A few days before the boat left, the Lord made me feel that I was doing wrong to withhold my consent, so I gave it, and this is the way I was rewarded: they left the 7th of April, and in less than two weeks after, we had letters from Ponape that they had arrived there safely. Wasn't it delightful to hear so soon? . . . It is now four months and more since we were wrecked, and I have had no opportunity to go home.

Ponape, October 20, 1884. I still have a letter which I wrote a few months ago. I sent it on board a schooner bound for San Francisco, but it went no farther than the mouth of the harbor. The vessel was wrecked; but the letter came back, so I inclose it. I was still waiting at Kusaie, when the chartered Jennie Walker came, the 24th of July. We reached home the 3d of September. Mr. Rand and I had been separated five months. It does seem good to be at home once more.

Our Work at Home.

THROUGH DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

BY MISS E. HARRIET STANWOOD.

[A paper read at the Annual Meeting of the Board.]

THE convention is not a modern institution; nor was that the earliest which met twenty-five hundred years ago, in response to

the edict of a proud and despotic king, calling for an assembly of princes, governors, captains, judges, treasurers, counsellors, sheriffs, and rulers of provinces. When they had come together they gazed in wonder upon a colossal image which the king had set up, and their eyes were dazzled with its brightness. Then the king's herald proclaimed another decree; and at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, the people bowed their heads and worshiped this golden image. Had not those three young men whose heads were not bowed, heard the threat which accompanied the decree? Expostulation elicited only this reply: "Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up"; and they strengthened their own faith as they declared, "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning, fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand." The story is familiar to every child born into a Christian home. We have seen the three young men walking unhurt in the midst of the fire; and the form of the fourth was like the Son of God.

Six centuries later, upon a hill a little way out of Jerusalem, a company of men and women bowed their heads, not before a golden image, but before a simple cross, bearing the form of the Lord of life, the Son of man, the Son of God. They had already endured for his sake, and they had witnessed his persecution even unto sentence of death; and now they looked upon the agony of his crucifixion. When he burst the bars of death, and again appeared, to the command, "Go teach all nations," he added the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

The obstinate unbelief of the Jews and their bitter hatred of this gospel, although it seemed to culminate in the crucifixion of our Lord, was not satisfied. It made Stephen's name immortal by the flinty missiles which it hurled at him; it executed James the elder, imprisoned Peter and John, and ran wild in its rage against Paul, and in the murder of James the Just. It put to death Symeon, Bishop of Jerusalem, burned Polycarp, and cursed the sect of the Nazarenes.

As soon as this faith appeared under the form of a new religion, the jealousy of government officials, the superstitious fanaticism of the people, and the selfishness of priests, all combined to persecute its adherents. Legislation, violence, and craft would fain have banished it forever. Public calamities were regarded as punishments inflicted by the gods, justly angry at the neglect of their worship. Flood, drought, famine, or pestilence provoked

the people to cry, "Away with the atheists!" "To the lions with the Christians!"

Of successive persecutions under different emperors much has been written. All the virtues of Christian heroism were called into activity, and efforts which aimed to exterminate, served only to purify. Christianity won adherents not only from the poor and down-trodden, to whom this religion brought new comfort and hope, but from the higher and educated classes — men whose talent and culture compared favorably with their most learned heathen contemporaries; and at the end of the third century the name of Christ was known, revered, and persecuted in every province and town of the Roman Empire. Martyrdom followed persecution, and the moral earnestness of Christians was a strong contrast to the corruption of the age. A star of hope had risen upon the darkness of that night. Tertullian's words have passed into a proverb, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

The recent Luther celebrations have directed our attention to the period of the Reformation, and we have gazed with almost incredulous eyes upon the portraits which have been painted for us of the heroes of the sixteenth century. We have entered into the long and painful struggle against the oppression of the Papal power, and the echo of that battle-cry has sounded in thrilling accents from this desk*; but heroism was not all burned at the stake, and we do not yet know whose head shall wear the crown of the last martyr for the truth.

In the light of the history to which we have barely alluded, is it strange to find early missionary operations encountering opposition?

Pioneers in the work in India were opposed by British authority, lest the preaching of the gospel should excite rebellion, and diminish the Government revenue from the protection of idolatry. The Isle of France holds the sacred dust of Harriet Newell, because that little company were not allowed to remain in Calcutta. For nearly a year Hall and Nott were in suspense, twice receiving definite orders to return to their own country, and being repeatedly told that there was no alternative. Even in 1832 the missionaries were pelted with dirt in the streets of Ahmednagar; and when Vishnupont became a Christian, in 1853, funeral rites were performed by his parents. The number of missionaries who

*"Some Heretics of Yesterday." Lectures by Rev. S. E. Herrick, D.D., of Mount Vernon Church, Boston.

might labor in Ceylon, was for years limited by the British Government; but in India and Ceylon the work has been carried on in spite of discouragements, persecution, and ill-treatment of converts.

Ten years after our first missionaries entered Turkey, we hear of a plot to expel all Protestants from the land. Long lists of heretics were prepared, and the reading or possession of missionary books was prohibited by both Greek and Armenian patriarchs. This storm was suddenly stayed by a rebellion in Egypt, and the demand which it made upon the attention of Government; and by the death of the Sultan, whose successor granted a charter of civil protection and religious liberty. In 1843 the beheading of a young converted Armenian in the streets of Constantinople, rallied the ministers of France, Prussia, and Austria to the support of the English ambassador, in securing from the Sultan a written pledge that no longer should any one be persecuted for his religious opinions. Two years afterward this pledge was violated, and sentence of excommunication was issued against those who espoused the new doctrines. Enemies, however, had accomplished what they never intended; they had advertised the missionaries far and wide, bringing to them many who asked about this new way; and, after this long abuse, Christians were organized into a Protestant community. Even the anathemas which had been printed and sent to the Armenian and Greek churches resolved themselves into blessings. The missionaries began touring from village to village, talking with the people, preaching, and distributing religious books; and, wherever they went, a love for the truth began to appear as the "little leaven." First or last there was resistance almost everywhere. And this persecution died slowly. Died? Alas! is it dead, when Protestant schools anywhere within the limits of the empire are suddenly closed? when work upon a new building for a girls' seminary is suspended by order of Government? when, even in Constantinople, a copy of Neander's Church History is held for fifteen months from reaching its destination, and then is released only on condition that it be sent out of the country? But trial still brings blessing in its train, even to Turkey. The sweeping conflagration at Marash, last July, which destroyed all the business portion of the city, severely crippling the resources of the Protestant community, burning shops, houses, grain, and merchandise, but sparing churches and schoolhouses, aroused a surprising spirit of thankfulness for what was left. Words of comfort and tender deeds abounded. On Sunday, three days after the fire, twelve hundred people assembled for a prayer-meeting, which lasted two hours,

and was full of grateful recognition of forgotten mercies, and confession of great unworthiness. This was followed by a request from the people that daily meetings should be held in the three churches. Surely the voice of God was in the rushing flame.

The great advance of Christianity in Japan during the last year, makes us almost forget that in 1861 a law was in force which compelled every individual to sign a paper, yearly, declaring that he was not a Christian, and stating to which Buddhist sect he belonged; and that large rewards were then offered to those who informed against Christians. Contrast with this the words of one of the most prominent men in Japan in a recent number of a Japanese paper. From political and economic motives he says: "If it is impossible to impede the rapid diffusion of Christianity in Japan, it would be far better for us resolutely to grant it full toleration for its legitimate propagation, rather than follow the hesitating indecision of leaving it unrecognized either by prohibition or toleration."

What wonder if, when we come to our annual gathering and review the last twelve months, painting a faithful picture whose strong lights rivet our thankful attention, looking a little farther into the shadows, we discern there realities which we must not ignore!

All the way across the Pacific Ocean and our own broad continent have come "war notes" from the Celestial Empire. We rejoiced a year ago that we had been able to send Emily Hartwell back to her native city, to gladden not only her father, but the whole mission at Foochow. We read with eager interest her first letters, giving the account of her long voyage, her entrance to the River Min, her enthusiasm over the beautiful scenery, the light-colored feldspar rocks, the terraced hills and jagged mountains, the islands and little villages; and we were sure she felt at home when she wrote, "And now, from the Golden Gate of the Occident through the Golden Gate of the Orient, I have reached my childhood's and my womanhood's home." Later she told us of her tours into the country, with Miss Newton, up the Ing Hoh River into the Ing Hoh—Eternal Happiness—region, where one family gave them their clay idols, nearly one hundred years old. We longed to find an owner for that "unclaimed letter" from the girls in Foochow Seminary, and we were glad when we knew Miss Newton was to have Miss Garretson as an assistant, even if it did not add a new name to our list of workers in China.

Then the war cloud arose, growing denser and blacker, and we find our young missionary at Sharp's Peak Sanitarium, watching the French gun-boats on their way in, the river all brilliant with

Chinese banners and soldiers. When war was inevitable, she went up to the settlement with her father, to stay until the contest was over. Following her graphic pen, we see the forts and breastworks, the large encampments farther back among the hills, the myriad red and green flags, the 60,000 soldiers in Foochow, 30,000 of whom cannot speak the Foochow dialect. We hear the drum-beats which mark the change of watches. We almost feel the panic among the natives, the impulse to flee somewhere. We see the poor foot-bound women hobbling with their canes, and the little children following with their bundles. In the midst of this excitement, the fidelity of the Christians who guarded the mission property was remarkable, placing duty far above safety, urging that prayer be offered not only for themselves, but for all Foochow. The young missionary at this time was sending them messages such as these: "Who can separate us from the love of God?" and "The trying of your faith is more precious than gold." Although the foreigners were all away from the city during the French attack, service was held in the Mission Church every Sunday, and the people wondered as they heard the roar of the guns and saw the Christians praying. Imagine Miss Newton's need of courage as she was borne through the crowded street in her chair, and heard the first of a company of soldiers whom she met say, "Catch and kill the foreigner." It could not have been altogether easy to look quietly the other way. Surely, in the midst of these trials we may join in the thanksgiving of our workers in China. They have all been kept from harm. Only one chapel has been injured, and Miss Newton, writes: "Opportunities for work are better than before. Sometimes I have almost longed to see persecution, to arouse the people—anything rather than coldness and indifference. God will carry out his plans in his own way." The Misses Woodhull, and others who were to accompany them, were undaunted by the tidings of war, and there is now a stronger force to do valiant service for the King of kings in Foochow.

From the Celestial Empire we turn to the Dark Continent. In North Africa, centuries ago, arose the proverb, "If God does not send rain, lay it to the Christians." Our first missionaries to the Zulus, of South Africa, were kindly received by king and people. Five hundred in the Sunday-schools, and six hundred in a congregation, was an encouraging prospect. King Dingan sent pupils to the missionaries, and said, "If you succeed in teaching my people to read and write, you must come immediately to me, and teach me and my chiefs to read and write; and then I should want schools in all my country." Suddenly he became jealous of the

increasing influence over his subjects, and was bent upon retaliation. The missionaries were obliged to leave the field, and the work was almost abandoned, when Natal passed under the control of the British Government, and the missionaries were urged to return. At the end of ten years one solitary Zulu woman sat with them at the Lord's table. The jubilee of this mission approaches, and the review will show that a great work has been more than begun.

A little more than four years ago we sent our messengers to the western coast of this same continent; and among their new acquaintances they very soon introduced to us a royal personage under the somewhat classic-sounding name of Kwikwi, His Majesty, the King of Bailundu. They described him as "a savage of kindly disposition, and far above the average black in common sense." He received his pale-faced guests in a friendly way, and said that he was an old man, but they might live in his country a thousand years, if they liked. His people were spoken of as "a fine race, intelligent, brave, full of poetry, and worthy to give birth to a powerful Christian nation by and by." This company was soon re-enforced; and Mrs. Stover, describing her housekeeping, showed us far more "Sunnyside" in it than is found in many a convenient New England kitchen.

While King Kwikwi was busy with his plundering expeditions, and the missionaries were making a vocabulary and a grammar, the Portuguese trader was on the alert to poison the kindness of this dark-skinned king, who reluctantly believed the fabrications concerning his white children. But when his suspicions were too much aroused, his love for the promised gain of rum, cloth, and guns still more so, he sent them away. What stayed his hand from taking the lives which he might have ended by one word of command? Was it only instinctive kindness which prompted the queen, Chepapa, to send her embassy of forty women to say she was ready to die with the missionaries? What more pathetic appeal than that of these forty women, sitting in front of the mission-houses, and saying, "You teach our children; you pay us for our work; you speak the truth; your little children have been born among us; we do not want you to leave?" The girl, Nasoko, who carried the baby's food in a tin box upon her head two hundred miles to the coast, only once admitting that she was tired, deserves to be made a member of the Humane Society; moreover, she has done something for her people. The four years' work is not lost. The king has already relented; has kindly received the missionaries who have returned, is ready to receive the others, and probably will not again be so easily persuaded to send them away.

Africa is not all dark; and the day will dawn when, unto it across the sea, our favored nation may send the Christian salutation, "Thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

"After the darkness — light!
Out of the evil — good!
From foulest Wrong upriseth Right —
Sin-cleansed, O Christ, in blood!

"Though dark the dun clouds roll —
Though deadly fierce the fray —
God can the battle-storm control,
And bid the billows stay!

"O doubting heart, be still!
O fainting soul, be brave!
By devious ways works He his will —
Omnipotent to save!"

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

RECEIPTS FROM FEBRUARY 18 TO MARCH 18, 1885.

MAINE.

Maine Branch. — Mrs. Woodbury S. Dana, Treas. Woodford's Cong. Ch., \$8.42; Ellsworth, Aux., \$23; Calais, Aux., \$11.68; Solon, Aux., \$6; Bath, Aux., \$13.50; Monson, Sunshine Band, \$16; Portland, Aux., Williston Ch., \$3; Bethel Ch., \$13.75, Ocean Pebbles, \$20.77, M. B., const. L. M. Mary A. Plummer, \$25, \$141 12
Ellsworth. — S. S. Cl., 30 00
Minot Centre. — A Friend, 20 00
Shapleigh. — L. M. Trussell, 1 00
Total, \$192 12

Ellis, \$5; Mrs. Lucy Ellis, \$5, Mrs. R. E. Davis, \$1; Exeter, 2d Cong. Ch. S. S., Edward C. Chickering, \$1.50; Frances-town, Aux., \$31; Haverhill, Aux., \$38.14, Harvesters, \$40; Hinsdale, Aux., \$4.25; Newport, Ladies of Cong. Ch., \$42.28; Northwood Centre, Mrs. E. E. Wiggins, \$34; Plainfield, Ladies of Cong. Ch., const. L. M. Mrs. W. O. Kenyon, \$25, \$532 17
Franconia. — Woman's Aid Soc'y, \$5, Cong. S. S., Willing Workers, \$6, 11 00
Total, \$543 17

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch. — Miss Abby E. McIntire, Treas. Amherst, Miss L. F. Bee, \$50; Bennington, Mrs. A. M. Holmes, \$5; Claremont, Aux., const. L. M. Mrs. Caroline H. Ainsworth, \$25; Concord, No. Ch., \$60, Aux., \$31, Merry Gleaners, \$4, Mission Helpers, \$100; Derry, 1st Cong. Ch., \$30; E. Sullivan, Mrs. N. A.

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch. — Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Wallingford, Aux., \$57; Enosburgh, Aux., \$26; Jericho Centre, Aux., \$15 38; Quechee, Aux., \$15; St. Johnsbury, No. Ch., Aux., \$28.46, Boys' Miss'y Soc'y, \$15, So. Ch., Little Helpers, \$11, Boys' Miss'y Jug Soc'y, \$20.
Total, \$187 84

MASSACHUSETTS.

<i>Andover and Woburn Branch.</i>		
—Miss E. F. Wilder, Treas. Melrose, Aux., \$80; Malden, Star Circle, \$5; Ballardvale, S. S., \$3.60; Andover, So. Ch., \$50; Stoneham, Ladies of Cong. Ch., \$3.75; Winchester, Aux., of wh. \$25 by Mrs. M. A. Herrick const. L. M. Mrs. Elizabeth P. Pressey, \$43, Eddie's M. C., \$12.50, Seek and Save Cir., \$390,	\$587 85	
<i>Berkshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. S. N. Russell, Treas. Adams, Aux., \$30; Parousia, M. C., \$30; Stockbridge, Aux., \$39; Hinsdale, Aux., \$15.15,		114 15
<i>Essex North Conf. Branch.</i> —Mrs. A. Hammond, Treas. Haverhill, No. Ch. S. S., \$100; Centre Ch., Harriet Newell, Aux., of wh. \$25 by Mrs. M. F. Ames const. L. M. Miss E. C. Ames, \$60; Newburyport, Aux., \$68.75, Willing Helpers, \$5; Campbell, M. B., \$12,		245 75
<i>Fall River.</i> —Mite-Gatherers,	4 00	
<i>Hampshire Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Isabella G. Clarke, Treas. No. Amherst, Aux., const. L. M. Miss Martha E. Harrington, \$25; Hadley, M. C., \$40; Northampton, Aux., Edwards Div., \$36.66; Plainfield, Aux., \$13.50; Williamsburgh, M. C., \$10,		125 16
<i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. E. H. Warren, Treas. Holliston, Aux.,		50 00
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Mrs. Franklin Shaw, Treas. Easton, Aux., \$18; Brockton, Aux., \$176; Abington, Aux., \$19.09; No. Abington, Aux., \$5; Y. L. Circle, \$6; Cohasset, Aux., \$23; Duxbury, Aux., \$10; Plympton, Aux., Thank-off., \$11; Rockland, Aux., \$50; Bridgewater, Aux., \$11; So. Weymouth, Aux., \$53.30; Marden, M. C., \$35; No. Weymouth, 1st Ch., \$30; Busy Bees, \$100; No. Ch., Wide-Awake Workers, \$20; Kingston, Aux., \$15; Chiltonville, Aux., \$20; E. Marshfield, Aux., \$6.05; Marshfield, Aux., \$8.00; Holbrook, Aux., \$25, Torch-Bearers, \$40, Little Lights, \$5; Braintree, Aux., \$8.50; Happy Workers, \$14.90; Randolph, Aux., of wh. \$25 by Miss Abby Turner const. L. M. Miss Emma H. King, \$47; Quincy, Mr. Hardwick's S. S. Cl., \$30; Hingham, Willing Hands, \$20,		806 84
<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Miss Myra B.		
Child, Treas. Boston, A Friend, \$50, Mrs. M. H. Baldwin, \$5, Central Ch., \$11, Shawmut Ch., Aux., \$125, Mt. Vernon Ch., Y. L. M. C., \$183; Roxbury, Highland Ch., Aux., \$126, Eliot Ch., Aux., \$28.50, Anderson Cir., \$6, Olive Branch, 50 cts., Thompson Cir., 62 cts., Ferguson Cir., 50 cts., Mayflowers, \$2.66, Eliot Star, \$2.66, Immanuel Ch., Aux., \$34.83; Dorchester, 2d Ch., S. S., \$23.81, Life and Light M. C., \$5.60; Jamaica Plain, Central Ch., Aux., \$80.25, Y. L. M. C., \$25; W. Roxbury, Spring St. Ch., Aux., \$10; Charlestown, 1st Parish, Aux., \$35; Hyde Park, Aux., \$22; Dedham, Asylum Dime, \$2.35, Chapel Rays, \$15, Junior Aux., \$10; Newton, Young Ladies' Soc'y, \$10, Eliot M. C., \$5; Newton Centre, Maria B. Furber Soc'y, \$60; Auburndale, Miss M. Davis, \$10; Arlington, Young Ladies' Aux., \$40,	\$930 28	
<i>Wellesley, College Miss'y Soc'y,</i>	70 00	
<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. G. W. Russell, Treas. Whitinsville, Aux., of wh. \$50 by Mrs. Chas. P. Whitin const. L. M.'s Miss Amelia D. Halliday, Brooklyn, N. Y., Miss Mary Hamlin, Middlebury, Vt., \$75, M. C., \$90; Oxford, Woman's Miss'y Soc'y, \$40; Leominster, Aux., const. L. M. Miss Flossy Miller, \$25,		230 00
Total,	\$3,164 03	
LEGACIES.		
Legacy of Miss Armeta Gibbs, East Boston,	\$500 00	
Legacy of Mrs. Mary P. Eddy, Fall River,	500 00	
RHODE ISLAND.		
<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Miss Anna T. White, Treas. Providence, Beneficent Ch., \$110.40, S. S., \$1; Newport, Aux., \$231.73, United Ch., S. S., \$268.27; Slatersville, Aux., \$8, S. S., \$15; Pawtucket, Aux., Mrs. H. N. Blodgett, const. L. M. Miss Edith Carpenter, \$25, Mrs. Darius Goff, const. L. M. Miss Jessie L. MacGregor, \$25, Mrs. Eunice E. E. Davis, const. self L. M., \$25, Mrs. D. L. Goff, const. L. M. Miss Una MacGregor, \$25, Mrs. L. B. Goff, const. L. M. Mrs. Geo. M. Thornton, 25,		\$759 40
Total,	\$759 40	

CONNECTICUT.

NEW YORK.

<i>Bethlehem.</i> —Willing Hands,	\$3 00
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Miss Anna Morris, Treas. Rockville, Aux., \$34; Glastonbury, Aux., \$176.07; Berlin, Aux., \$12.50; Poquonnock, \$22; Hartford, Park Ch., Aux., \$103.90, Pearl St. S. S., \$40, Asylum Hill Ch., M. B., \$12.50,	400 97
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Julia Twining, Treas. Bethel, Aux., of wh. \$25 const. L. M. Mrs. Frank W. Smith, \$71, Willing Workers, \$5; Bridgeport, of wh. \$30 fr. Pearl-Seekers, \$50 fr. North Ch. M. C., \$30 fr. Park St. Ch. M. C., const. L. M.'s Mrs. W. Minor Smith, Miss Mary F. Kensett, Miss Mary J. Minor, \$166.63; Canaan, \$20; Cornwall, \$20; Cromwell, of wh. \$25 const. L. M. Mrs. Wm. E. Hulbut, \$93.05; East Haddam, \$25; Greenwich, Bearers of Light, \$24.57; Guilford, 1st Ch., \$40; Haddam, \$17.60; Kent, Y. L. M. C., \$35; Killingworth, \$25; Litchfield, of wh. \$25 by Mrs. Adams, const. L. M. Mrs. F. M. Sandford, \$32.91; Meriden, 1st Ch., Y. P. M. S., \$40; Middletown, 1st Ch., \$10; New Britain, Centre Ch., \$120.88; S. S. Prim'y Dep't, \$32.32; So. Ch., of wh. \$25 by Miss S. M. Hinsdale const. L. M. Mrs. Harriet L. Humphrey, 49 43; New Canaan, \$30; New Haven, Centre Ch., \$11.52, Ch. of the Redeemer, \$105.30, Aurora, \$70.10, Davenport Ch., M. C., \$40, Dwight Pl. Fairbank M. C., \$25; Fair Haven, 1st Ch., \$150, Humphrey St. Ch., \$19, United Ch., of wh. \$25 by Mrs. Eleanor Shepard const. self L. M., \$185, Yale College Ch., \$125; No. Branford, \$30; Orange, \$34; Saybrook, \$17; Sherman, \$10; Stratford, \$63.31; Torrington, 3d Ch., \$45; Wallingford, M. C., \$25; W. Haven, Y. L. M. C., \$30; W. Torrington, \$30.25; Westville, Y. L. M. C., \$90; Wilton, Light-Bearers, \$70; Winchester, \$2,	2,035 87
<i>Waterbury.</i> —2d Ch., Sunshine Cir.,	5 00
Total,	\$2,444 84
LEGACY.	
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Legacy of Mrs. Louisa M. Parker, New Haven,	\$200 00

<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. G. H. Norton, Treas. Brooklyn, Park Ch. M. C., bequest of Miss Flora Robertson, const. L. M. Miss Mary Robertson, \$25; New York City, Pilgrim Ch., \$47.73; Suspension Bridge, Aux., \$6; Oxford, Mrs. A. Watson, const. L. M.'s Mrs. Elizabeth E. Lee, Mrs. Susan Sophia Gleason, \$50; Albany, Morning Star M. C., \$10; Binghamton, Doers of the Word, \$25; Sherburne, Aux., \$50; Homer, M. C., \$20; Walton, Aux., \$10.75; Black Creek, M. C., \$5; Lockport, Aux., \$10; Little Valley, Aux., \$6; Gloversville, Aux., \$30; Oswego, Y. L. Miss'y Soc'y, \$10; Buffalo, Aux., \$20; W. Bloomfield, Aux., of wh. \$25 const. L. M. Miss Sarah L. Brown, \$30,	\$355 48
<i>Newtonville.</i> —Desert Palm, prev. contri. const. L. M.'s Miss S. E. Dowd, Fairport, N. Y., Mrs. C. T. Russ, Hartford, Conn.,	35 00
<i>Rochester.</i> —Plymouth Ch., S.S.,	3 00
Total,	\$393 48
PENNSYLVANIA.	
<i>Stevensville.</i> —A Friend,	\$15 00
Total,	\$15 00
GEORGIA.	
<i>Savannah.</i> —Cong. Ch., Ladies' Miss'y Soc'y,	\$10 31
Total,	\$10 31
MINNESOTA.	
<i>Brainard.</i> —Mrs. C. J. Veon,	\$1 50
<i>Grove Lake.</i> —Mrs. F. C. Stranahan,	5 40
Total,	\$6 90
DAKOTA.	
<i>Howard,</i> Cong. Ch., Aux.,	\$2 00
Total,	\$2 00
General Fund,	\$7,719 09
Weekly Pledge,	2 12
Leaflets,	39 44
Morning Star,	5 20
Legacies,	1,200 00
Total,	\$8,965 85

In Memoriam.

MRS. WM. J. KING.

ANOTHER of the great army of Christian women has gone to her reward.

For many years Mrs. William J. King had been active in all good works, and when the time came to form the Rhode Island Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions, she was chosen its first president. This burden she took up tremblingly, so far as her own sense of fitness was concerned; hopefully, because she remembered whose the work was, and knew He would give strength equal to her necessity. She was willing to do what she could, and her love for the cause deepened from year to year, as she came to know more and more of the needs of the women who were sitting in darkness, and to whom the light had not yet come.

For several years Mrs. King had a strong desire that there might go out from the churches of Rhode Island at least one foreign missionary. Those who have been associated with her in the ladies' prayer-meeting, know that this has been one of her constant petitions. At the annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions in Boston, January 15, 1885, the announcement was made that Miss Bessie Jillson, of the Central Church, Providence, was under appointment by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to go as missionary to Smyrna. This intelligence was received by Mrs. King with great satisfaction; and it is a comfort to her friends to remember that this cherished desire was fulfilled while she was yet present with them.

Foreign missions did not absorb Mrs. King's whole thought. The home missionary cause was also dear to her heart, and many laborers have been cheered by her gifts, as well as encouraged by her words of sympathy. During her last illness, the only reading that seemed to really interest her was items from missionary periodicals regarding the work she so loved.

Mrs. King found great delight in the ladies' prayer-meeting, and attended as long as her strength would permit. Those who met her there know her enjoyment of the meetings, and will long remember her prayers and her comments on the subjects discussed, and her rare gift of adaptation in her prayers and remarks.

Mrs. King's interests in foreign and home missions and in the prayer-meetings, were those of which any one might know; but of her care and thoughtfulness toward those who were poor and burdened, who can tell? Her family may know when money was bestowed, and how much, but it is doubtful if even they know all she gave in the way of sympathy, advice, and encouragement. In making her choice of gifts for the needy ones who looked to her for help, she remembered, "Blessed is he that *considereth* the poor," and gave time and thought as well as silver and gold.

After a long and active life, with a few weeks of special weakness, Mrs. King passed suddenly from her earthly home to the heavenly city, February 9, 1885, trusting in Him in whom for so many years she had believed. It seems impossible to realize we shall not see her among us again; but she will not pass away from our thought, and we may look forward to that day when our work shall be finished, and we, too, shall enter into rest.

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."

Board of the Interior.

JAPAN.

EXPLORING NEW FIELDS.

BY MRS. ANNIE E. GULICK.

Our Young Ladies' Societies are doing pioneer work in Japan through their missionary, Mrs. Gulick, and if we do not place her letter in a separate department for them, it is because we fear it might thereby escape the eyes of some of our grown-up auxiliaries; while we believe our enterprising young ladies, in their tireless search for information, will begin at the beginning of LIFE AND LIGHT and read it through.

NIIGATA, Dec. 5, 1884.

TOURING among the towns and villages in this province forms a large part of our work during the warmer months, and I made several tours with my husband during the summer and fall. We visited a second time Murikami and Nakajo, places I wrote of visiting in the spring; and it was very pleasant to see how wide-awake and earnest the Christian band in Murikami were. They were, at their desire, formed into a church, adopting creed and rules, and choosing officers. They have not yet a pastor, but are hoping to secure one, though men to fill that office are scarce. The church now numbers fourteen, about half of whom are women, who meet weekly to study the Bible — one of the women, more intelligent than the others, being the leader.

We visited two villages, later, where there were no Christians, and where the gospel has been preached only once or twice. Quite a number came together at our hotel to hear Mr. Gulick and our helper tell of the way of salvation through Christ, and listened very attentively and quietly, and seemed eager to receive the tracts distributed at the close of the services. These were pretty mountain villages, and one was a place to which many came from the country around to bathe in the medical waters. The bathing-places had only a roof overhead; and long as I have been in Japan, and much as I have known of Japanese life and customs, I was unprepared for the nudity and unblushing immodesty to which it was impossible to shut one's eyes. We might have imagined ourselves in savage Marquesas, rather than in cultivated, polite Japan. We were thankful to hasten away from this pretty mountain nook, first having had a meeting with a company who came to our hotel, some of whom had heard something of Christianity before in other places.

In October we went one hundred miles south of Niigata, to the city of Takada, where no missionary has been before. The first

forty miles were easily accomplished in a comfortable river steam-boat. It is small, to be sure, and we sit upon the floor in the little cabin; but it is a pleasant sail to Nagaoka, the large city to which the steamer runs. From Nagaoka we traveled by jinrikishas — drawn sometimes by one man, and sometimes by two, according to the steepness of the road. These little carriages tip over pretty easily, as I found from experience on this trip. A hand-cart loaded with wood, coming rapidly down a side street into our street as we were passing, came plump against my jinrikisha. As the man with the hand-cart held back with all his might, it did not come with great force; but in spite of the efforts of my man to hold it, the jinrikisha went slowly over upon its side, not, however, hurting me at all.

During the journey the rain came down in frequent showers; but, snugly stored away in our covered carriages, we did not get wet. We met quite a number of religious pilgrims, mostly women, walking in the rain. I could but admire their walking-attire, protecting them from the rain, and making walking easy. Their dresses were tucked up so that they reached a little below the knees, and oil-paper waterproofs kept their clothes dry. On their heads were very broad, trimmed, light straw hats, protecting head and shoulders from rain and sun. Tightly fitting, thick blue and white stockings, and straw sandals, completed their attire.

It was harvesting season, and men, women, and older children were all at work in the fields, cutting the grain, tying it up in bundles, carrying it home on their backs, and hanging it up to dry on frames prepared for the purpose. I was surprised to see what heavy loads the women carried; and as I saw them bending under the heavy weight, I did not wonder that so many of the old people we see are bent nearly double. The younger children from five to ten years old were running about the streets with little babies tied on their backs — poor, patient little creatures. I pitied both nurse and babies, though I seldom saw a baby crying.

One chilly evening, as we were riding at dusk through some villages, I judged that the parents were still in the fields — for there was no light in the houses, and the children, with babies on their backs, were gathered in little groups on the streets, quietly waiting. I thought of how babies I had known about were sure to want mamma as night came on, and were rather likely to let their voices be heard if she were not near, and wondered at these patient little creatures, learning to “bear the yoke” in babyhood.

Two days and a half brought us to Takada—a rather uninteresting city, so far as business is concerned. On one side, however, are the castle-grounds and former homes of the Samorai, covering

quite an extent of country, as this was once a castle town where the Daimio resided. The buildings are gone from the castle grounds, but the broad moat and fine old trees remain, and on two sides are the Samorai houses, almost hid by trees, and surrounded by yards inclosed with neatly-trimmed green hedges, looking very pretty and homelike.

We knew no one in Takada, and as the hotel-keeper did not wish us to hold a meeting at the hotel, we were in doubt as to whether we could have one at all; when, as we were entering our hotel the day after our arrival, two men who had seen us in the street came to us, and asking my husband if he could speak Japanese, desired to learn about Christianity, of which one of them had heard something. We had a long talk with them, and in the afternoon they came again, and escorted us about the Samorai quarters; again in the evening they came with some friends, and after a long talk asked if we were not going to have a public service. On being told the difficulty in the way, they offered to get a room for preaching, and did so. The next evening, Sunday, Mr. Gulick and the helper, who accompanied us, addressed an audience of about a hundred. At the close several asked if we could not stay another day, and hold a meeting the next evening. We consented, and Monday evening there were nearly twice as many present as on the previous evening, who paid quiet, respectful attention to what was said. The men who interested themselves in obtaining the room would not allow us to pay for it, but said they would see to that—a new experience in our missionary work. We could but feel that Takada was a most hopeful work, and that it ought to be occupied by missionaries as soon as possible. But while there are only two families here in Niigata, none can be spared to live in Takada, and our earnest plea to the churches at home is, to send us more men and women for the interesting work to be found on every hand. Are there not among those who compose the young ladies' mission circles, many who are considering the question as to whether the Master calls them to carry the word of life to those who are sitting in heathen darkness?

CHINA.

THE LITTLE GATE SCHOOL.

BY MISS ADA HAVEN.

PEKIN, Jan. 22d.

I HARDLY remember how far I had told you the story of my day school. I think we had moved into the room in the gate-house, but had not made our second move into the coal-house.

That does not sound like a move in the upward direction; but it proved so. Mrs. Ament's class was growing, as well as mine, so one day we had a consultation, and decided to arrange for rooms for both of us. On the other side of the gateway was a little room for keeping the chapel coal. We decided to put new fronts on both these rooms, and throw a partition across the back of one to make a little coalroom, hardly larger than a bin, but making the room in front of it quite large enough for our purposes. The door of the coalbin opens into the gateway, — not into our house, — so we quite forget that we are occupying the former coalroom. The south wall of the room forms part of the wall of the compound, so we cannot have much of a window there; but I felt that we really ought to get some of the southern sunshine into the dreary little den, so I had a small window, shaped like a transom, put under the eaves. This is so high that no one can see in or out without climbing up. We occasionally see a face there, but it is always in friendly curiosity. As the compound adjoining ours is unoccupied, it is but seldom that we receive such notice.

The furniture of the room is simple: a brick platform extending across the back, a broad settle on one side, and a long bench on the other; also a wicker throne for myself. I like this seat, because it defends me from encroachments from all sides but the front. A big, domestic apron covers my defenceless front; for the babies who amuse themselves, while their big sisters are reading, with some greasy, juicy, or sticky substance, alternately eating it and using it as a paint-brush, could not understand me if I did say "Hands off!" I take the big school-bell when the time comes, and, opening the great compound-gate, give two or three taps, standing in the gateway. Then I go and seat myself in state. It is not many seconds before I hear the wooden soles of their shoes rattling through the gateway. They used to come in without any greeting, and so utterly filthy that there was no clean spot on them. Their dirty, ragged clothes they are not to blame for, but they might at least show three clean spots, and their manners certainly could be mended. Exhortations were of no avail. Finally I received a hint from one of the girls that helped me to alter the matter. She noticed the pins with which I fastened up the bib of my apron. (The Chinese do not have pins.) "Oh, Wenku-mang," she said, "won't you give us each a pin Christmas?" I pondered the matter for a moment, and the girls apparently conjectured that I was thinking whether I could afford to give them each a pin, for when I came out with my proposition they seemed surprised and delighted. "I will tell you what I will do," I said. "I will write your names on a slip of paper, and

then, underneath each name, I will make one mark for each day that you remember to give me a curtsy when you come and go, and another for each day that you come with face and hands washed and pig-tail properly combed. Then on Christmas Day I will count up the marks, and for every six I will give you a pin." I hope they will never learn the price of pins!

My school was rather broken up during the summer. I went out to "The Hills" twice, and when I was in town I was house-keeper for the compound, and entertaining guests sometimes made my time for opening the gate a little irregular. I think the war rumors, perhaps, helped to keep some away. Then a family containing four sisters, who had been daily present, moved away; also the hollyhock season was over. (I had given a hollyhock each day for a perfect lesson.) These four reasons were enough to account for a diminished attendance; and soon I found I really ought not to be gone from the school compound so long, while the care of that rested solely on me. So I changed my plan, and instead of staying out in the gate schoolroom, I took any who were ready to come with me through the courts to my own room. Of course I had to leave the compound-gate locked when I was not there to watch it, so I could get only those who happened to be on hand when I opened the gate. This plan proved so unsatisfactory that I gave it up at Christmas, and told the girls they could take a holiday till warm weather; meantime coming only Sundays, to Sunday-school. I shall try it again when the weather becomes warmer.

In another letter, finished January 9th, Miss Haven speaks of the boarding-school (the Bridgman School) as follows: —

Who would have thought it would be just one month after writing the first page before I should take up this letter again. Into that month have been crowded many duties — the hasty preparation of a text-book for a class who kept even pace with me, so that I could never give them any more than the pages just written; then the preparation for Christmas, and the balancing of personal and school accounts at the end of the year, followed by the Week of Prayer. We are still in the Week of Prayer, and the text-book is unfinished yet; but it is so nearly done that I do not have to spend time studying up the subject, and it is Miss Diament's turn to lead the prayer-meeting to-night. So I will pick up dropped stitches.

Though there are no marked conversions to gladden our hearts this Week of Prayer, we are pleased by the spirit among the girls. There is not a girl in school whose influence is positively bad. The only doubtful one is a source of anxiety, simply from her heedlessness. The influence of all the others is positively good. All the older girls are so strong, steady, and reliable, that it is a real support to me. In all this I see the providence of God, giving strength in time of need. In ordinary speech it only *happens* that the troublesome girls are all gone; but we who know better say it was so ordered that the best girls should remain to help us now, and the bad ones should all go. So, though we have no conversions to report, we have much to make us rejoice in the earn-

est, Christian spirit pervading the school. Yet we always rejoice with fear, and woe to us if we ever venture to glory. But we can be a little thankful with a good conscience.

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THE MORNING STAR.

A journal letter from Capt. Bray, the last date of which is January 19th, at Sandy Point, half way through the Straits of Magellan, describes the parting from friends, November 5th, in Boston Harbor, the singing of "Waft, waft ye winds," by the party about to return to the city in the tug, and then tells of the night which followed.

ACROSS the bay we flew, passing several vessels which sailed about the same time, and thereby showing the fast-sailing qualities of the Morning Star, until we left Cape Cod astern, and launched out into the broad Atlantic. How little I realized the night before us! The breeze which the dear ones had invoked to "waft" us on, increased till it blew a terrible gale. One sail after another was taken in, until we were scudding before great high waves that rolled our little bark about and filled her with water, and only one close-reefed topsail remained set. It was a time to prove officers and crew, and I was satisfied that I had brave hearts and ready hands around me. But what shall we do? The lower deck is getting filled with water. It is washing into the cabin, and every state-room is filling. It will soon find its way to the engine-room, and we shall founder, in sight, almost, of our home. It was a fearful thing to bring the ship's head to that sea and try to "heave to;" but it seemed the only hope, and we must try it. "Stand by the fore braces with one watch, and the mizzen halyards with the other!" And now we watch the great sea rolling up behind us to find a moment of comparative quiet. We think we have it, and "Put your helm hard down!" is the order to the man at the wheel. She quickly obeys the helm, and comes up nobly to face the wind and waves, and then falls off again, and lies with her lee rail under water.

We see in a moment that we have more freight (coal) on the main deck than she is able to stand. Each roll makes me fear she will roll over. Dangerous as it is to run before that gale and high sea, it is far safer than "lying to." "Lower down the mizzen and square the headyard!" is the next order given; and, filled with water as she is, she gradually falls off until we are again scudding before the gale under a close-reefed fore-topsail. Never do I remember feeling in so great danger before.

There was but one thing to do, and that was to throw overboard some of the main-deck cargo. So much weight on the upper deck made the Star top-heavy. All night (and a long, long one it seemed), and all the next day, without sleep, and with little time to eat, the officers and crew stood in the washing waters of the flooded deck, and with buckets passed the coal over the side till we had jetsomed ten tons or more, which, although the gale had not abated, made the ship ride the seas more easily, and ship less water. It was Wednesday night, November 12th, just one week after sailing from Boston, before the gale subsided, and I felt it prudent to go to bed, and try to get the first regular sleep. Much of the ship's provisions were spoiled by the salt-water. All our new carpets were saturated and discolored by it. Bedding and curtains were wet, doors and partitions were stove in, our only

three turkeys for Thanksgiving drowned, etc.; yet it all seemed as nothing compared with saving the ship and our lives. But it was a wild beginning for this new vessel of peace.

Capt. Bray speaks with appreciation and thanksgiving to God of his officers, especially the first mate, Mr. Garland, who was captain of the old Morning Star on her last trip, and Mr. Snow, engineer, son of the venerated Micronesia missionary. He tells us that Mrs. Bray and Carrie were perfectly calm, and Arthur Logan slept through the first wild night, though the water was washing back and forth in his state-room; and he gives thanks for the Christian hope that makes one ready, either to go into the presence of the Master at a moment's call, or to stay and work longer for him. The next date is Thursday, Nov. 27, 1884.

Thanksgiving.—The experience of the previous pages is a thing of the past. All the fury of the winds seems to have died out with the blasts of the first few days, and we have had very light winds ever since. We are now in a region where we always expect a strong, steady, northeast trade-wind; but we have had none of it. This light weather has brought its satisfaction, however, for it has shown us what a fine sailer the new Star is in light winds. This was a point we particularly studied, for we have so many light winds in Micronesia; and we are pleased, of course, to know that this very desirable point is attained. When there seems scarcely a breath of wind she moves through the water a knot or two, and obeys her helm. The old vessel would have remained stationary.

To-day we are observing Thanksgiving. There is no work going on, and we have all had the best dinner we could get up, but it had to be chicken instead of turkey. We are settling down to the regular sea-life of a long voyage. Everything is going on in ship-shape order, which is quite agreeable to the feelings of an orderly person after the confusion of shore-life. Carpets have been dried, provisions overhauled, etc.; but there is much work to be done. Even so long a voyage will be far too short to get a new ship in perfect order, with "a place for everything and everything in its place." Arthur and Carrie are having their regular studies and music, to which Mrs. Bray devotes each forenoon. We have our regular Chautauqua readings, and our evening worship with all hands is growing more interesting. Some who boasted before sailing (as I have heard) that they would have nothing to do with that part, now come into the cabin regularly, and join in the reading and singing, both at evening worship and Sunday services; but I expected it, for they cannot escape the power of the Spirit which the Lord has promised.

Jan. 8th, 1885.—On Christmas we all had a number of presents that had been given us to open on that day. Arthur and Carrie could scarcely wait for Christmas morning, and were planning to get up very early, when I suggested, much to their delight, that Christmas eve would do as well. The presents were quickly produced and opened. We had a number of charming letters given us by friends before sailing, and it was a perfect delight to read them while so far away.

January 19th.—We are at Sandy Point, and half way through the Straits. We have been very much favored of the Lord, and arrive here to-day in company with a mail steamer that leaves to-night for Valparaiso and Panama; so we are hastily getting off a mail. We can get fresh meat and provision—a great treat after seventy-five days of sea. Will write again from Honolulu.

A later word from Capt. Bray is dated at Honolulu, March 16, 1885:—

I am glad to send you news of the arrival of the Star at this her first port, after a long, long passage. This is not owing to slow sailing qualities, but to extraordinarily light winds, with the exception of the first three days after sailing from Boston, when it seemed as if all the winds blew out at one time. One great object has been attained: the Star is the best sailer in light winds I ever saw, without any exception. With the winds we have had I doubt if any other vessel would have made the same passage in thirty days more. Our time has been one hundred and thirty days. We used steam to pass through the Magellan Straits, and realized the first benefit from it in saving the Cape Horn passage. We were one week in the Straits, lying at anchor over Sunday and two other days at a settlement, where we obtained fresh water, both our tanks having leaked out, keeping us on short allowance all the voyage. There is grand scenery in the Straits—high mountains, and glaciers, and valleys of green.

Very cordially yours,
ISAIAH BRAY.

Home Department.

STUDIES IN MISSIONARY HISTORY. 1885.

MISSION TO THE ARMENIANS—1831-1842.

WE begin this month the study of the far-reaching work of the American Board among the Armenians, which, beginning with Constantinople as its center, has influenced, more or less, the whole Turkish Empire. The mission properly began with the removal of Dr. Goodell to Constantinople, in 1831; but it will be of interest to note the *work of preparation* that had been going on prior to that date. Notice, especially, the *effect of Dr. King's Farewell Letter, The School of Peshtimaljian*, and his influence on the public mind.

Study of Constantinople and its Surroundings. See "Constantinople," by Edmonds Amicis, published by G. P. Putnam & Sons; LIFE AND LIGHT, 1877, p. 113; "Forty Years in the Turkish Empire," p. 112; "Chambers' Encyclopedia."

The Armenians and Greeks of Constantinople; Beginnings and Aims of the Mission.

Early Obstacles: Fire; Plague; Cholera; War.

Early Converts: Hohannes Sahakian; Senekerim; Sarkis Vartabed; Der Revork; Der Haritun, and Der Vertanes of Nicomedia.

Stations: Smyrna, for descriptions; see "Chamber's Encyclopedia;" Broosa; Trebizond; "Oriental Churches," p. 103.

Persecutions: Opposition of the Patriarchs Stepan and Matteos; of Boghos; Action of the banker of Ras Reny.

Persecution of 1839: Aid of the Sultan secured by the persecutors; Stepan deposed; banishment and imprisonment of converts; God's interposition through the Egyptian war; Death of the Sultan; reaction; Stepan re-elected.

Education: School at Bebek.

Progress: at Adabazar; Native Armenian Mission.

Helps: First and best, if it can be procured, is Dr. Anderson's "Missions to the Oriental Churches." "Forty Years in the Turkish Empire," and "Among the Turks," by Cyrus Hamlin, are both valuable; also "Mission Studies" for May.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

A QUARTERLY meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, was held at Plymouth Church, Chicago, on the afternoon and evening of February 26th, Mrs. Moses Smith in the chair. After devotional exercises, Miss Wingate, in a few potent words, urged the individual responsibility of Christian women, and the Bible argument for missions. Mrs. Greene, of Constantinople, brought good tidings from Miss Patrick, of the Constantinople Home; and Mrs. Stover, lately driven out from Benguela, Africa, told a thrilling story of the help given the missionaries in their flight, by the children they had taught. In the young ladies' hour, Mrs. Baird, chairman of the Young Ladies' Committee, brought favorable reports from their societies. She noted two points of importance in their methods of work: First, that there should be greater consecration to Christ, since now and then we hear of young people who enter into it "just for the fun of the thing;" and, second, that there should be more study—a suggestion prompted by a recent question whether it was a *real bridge* they were building. A story by Miss Baker, of Detroit, one of our young ladies, was read, telling how in a recent public meeting they did build (or furnish the wherewithal for) a real bridge. It was to arch over a ragged ravine Miss Spencer and Mrs. Coffing have to cross every time they go to the village.

Mrs. Gilbert, chairman of the Children's Committee, urged patient continuance on the part of their leaders. She said the work could not be all done at a great mass-meeting, however much the children may be there aroused and interested. They must have "line upon line." The old couplet about planting corn may be in place. It was:—

"One for the worm, and one for the crow,
And another one to sprout and grow."

A social tea added greatly to the interest of the day. In the evening Mrs. Stover moved the audience to tears with her stories of her dark-skinned pupils. One of them, watching her baby playing on the floor with a rubber doll one day, showed his dawning conscientiousness by asking Mrs. S., "Ungana Stover, does not Suku's book say you shall not make images?" Dr. Scudder closed the evening with one of his rousing addresses, as unreportable as chain lightning, and perhaps as startling to some who think life is worth living only for home enjoyment.

The helpful words of our president added greatly to the pleasure of the meeting. It was a rest in the "Interpreter's house," very refreshing and long to be remembered.

THE statement in our last issue that we have 300 Young Ladies' Societies was an error. Two hundred and seventeen were reported at our last annual meeting.

In Memoriam.

MISS MINNIE BROWN.

WE who knew Miss Brown as one of our own youngest missionaries, would bear loving testimony to her great natural gifts, her many attainments, her energy, tact, and enthusiasm—all consecrated to the help of the needy in Turkey. We would tell of the interest she awakened in the churches of Missouri before sailing; of her hopeful beginnings in a foreign land; of the cheerful spirit with which she bore the disappointment of her plan for life; and of the patient devotion with which she labored for foreign missions here, always expecting to return to Turkey. We would sympathize with the father and mother, called to say a second and longer good-bye to their idolized first-born; and with the young associate, Miss Tucker, who, though she went out leaning upon this friend, has learned to work bravely on alone. But Miss Brown's young friends at home have sent their tribute, and we gladly give place to their words of loving remembrance.

Died, at her home in North Springfield, Missouri, on the morning of February 26th, Miss Minnie Brown. She was born at South Kingston, R. I., in 1859, and became a Christian while yet a child. In 1878 she graduated from Drury College, and two years later began work as a missionary in Central Turkey—first at Hadjin, and afterward at Adana. But in 1883, after two years of work, her ill-health compelled her to return to her home for a short rest. Up to the beginning of her last illness, it was her plan to go back to her work when she became stronger. During this last two years she devoted herself untiringly to church and home duties. She was president of the "King's Messengers," our missionary society; and we who knew and loved her, then saw, and now often speak, of her never-failing earnestness in her work with us. To all whom she met she was the same bright, sweet-natured, lovable Christian. Words seem meaningless when we try to tell those who have not known her, of what she was and is to all who knew her.

"For she has gone to join
 . . . the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn,
For miserable aims that end with self."

HATTIE J. BALLARD.

For the "King's Messengers."

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., March 14.

RECEIPTS OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS
OF THE INTERIOR.

MRS. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

FROM FEBRUARY 18, 1885, TO MARCH 18, 1885.

ILLINOIS.

ILLINOIS BRANCH.—Mrs. W. A. Talcott, of Rockford, Treas. *Amboy*, 9.92; *Batavia*, 6; *Bowensburg*, 7.50; *Canton*, 13; *Chicago*, New Eng. Ch., Mr. and Mrs. E. W. B., 100, Aux., 19, Union Park Ch., a lady, thank-offering, for L. M'ship, 1, Plymouth Ch., 250; *St. Charles*, 10; *Creston*, 2.75; *Downers Grove*, 4.19; *Elgin*, 19.21; *Genoa Junction*, 7.71; *Huntley*, 6.30; *Ivanhoe*, 20; *Jacksonville*, 28; *La Harpe*, 4.15; *La Moille*, 5.50; *Lockport*, 10; *Lyonsville*, 9.50; *Ottawa*, 34.50; *Peoria*, 1st Ch., 42.85; *Princeton*, 29.60; *Rockford*, 2d Ch., 76.75; *Ross Grove*, 11.50; *Sycamore*, 8.76; *Waverly*, 5; *Wayne*, 3.38; *Wheaton*, 7, \$753 07

JUNIORS: *Bartlett*, Lit. and Miss. Soc., 8.18; *Batavia*, Y. L. Soc., 6; *Chicago*, Union Park Ch., Y. L. Soc., 33.26; *Elgin*, Y. L. Soc., 13; *Huntley*, Harvesters, 7.06; *Ravenswood*, Y. P. M. Soc., 10; *Richmond*, Y. L. M. Soc., 3.85; *Springfield*, Jennie Chapin Helpers, 10, 91 35

JUVENILE: *Bartlett*, S. S. Miss. Band., 16.94; *Chicago*, New Eng. Ch., Steady Streams, 26.18, Lincoln Park Ch., Lamplighters, 13; *St. Charles*, Miss. Band, 10; *Huntley*, Acorn Band, 3.50; *Waukegan*, Miss. Band, 4.36; *Wayne*, Busy Builders, 16.27, 90 25

Total, \$934 67

INDIANA.

INDIANA BRANCH.—Miss E. B. Warren, of Terre Haute, Treas. *Elkhart*, 5; *Indianapolis*, Mayflower Aux., 9, \$14 00

JUNIOR: *Indianapolis*, Mayflower Y. L. Soc., 10 00

Total, \$24 00

IOWA.

IOWA BRANCH.—Mrs. E. R. Potter, of Grinnell, Treas. *Algona*, 1.55; *Clinton*, 10; *Central City*, 18; *Chester Centre*, 15; *Garden Prairie*, 2; *Kenebeck*, 11; *Lyons*, 34.65, \$92 20

JUNIORS: *Des Moines*, Plymouth Rock Soc., for The Bridge, 17 50

JUVENILES: *Decorah*, Children's Miss. Soc., 6 00

SABBATH-SCHOOLS: *Des Moines*, 8 00

Total, \$123 70

KANSAS.

KANSAS BRANCH.—Mrs. A. L. Slosson, of Leavenworth, Treas. *Dial*, 2.53; *Ottawa*, 1; *Sedgwick*, 2, \$5 53

Total, \$5 53

MICHIGAN.

MICHIGAN BRANCH.—Mrs. Geo. H. Lathrop, of Jackson, Treas. *Augusta*, 3.20; *Bedford*, 5; *Bridgeport*, Aux., 1.40, Monthly Concert, 1.70; *Charlotte*, 4.12; *Galesburg*, 25; *Grand Blanc*, 18.44; *Laingsburg*, 5; *Litchfield*, 12; *Manistee*, 25; *Newaygo*, 5.26; *North Dorr*, Mrs. Gilbert, 2; *Port Huron*, 20; *Raisinville*, 3; *Richmond*, 4.10; *Summit*, 5.29; *Walton*, 3.89, \$144 40

JUNIOR SOCIETIES: *Augusta*, Y. L. Bible-class, 50 cts.; *Jackson*, Y. P. Circle, 30, 30 50

JUVENILE BANDS: *Augusta*, Look Up Legion, 8.30; *Memphis*, Cheerful Workers, 3, 11 30

Branch Total, \$186 20

MINNESOTA.

MINNESOTA BRANCH.—Mrs. E. M. Williams, of Northfield,

Treas. *Brownston*, 3; *Duluth*, of wh. 25 const. L. M. Mrs. E. M. Noyes, 42; *Glyndon*, 13.50; *Mankato*, 3; *Minneapolis*, special gifts at union meeting, Mrs. Taylor, 1, Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Woods, 18.80, Mrs. Horr, 5.50; *Northfield*, 14.39; *Owatonna*, 24.19, \$125 38

Total, \$125 38

MISSOURI BRANCH.

Mrs. J. H. Drew, 3101 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Treas. *Carthage*, 25; *Hannibal*, 12; *St. Louis*, Pilgrim Ch., 361, of wh. 150 fr. Mrs. Rebecca Webb, to const. Mrs. C. W. S. Cobb, Mrs. C. D. De Staebles, Mrs. W. E. Barnhart, Miss Jennie Carman, Miss Katie P. Fisher, Miss Blanche L. Morgan L. M's, 25 fr. Mrs. S. M. Edgell, to const. Miss Ada Bartlett, of Springfield, Mo., L. M., Hyde Park Gleamers, for The Bridge, 6, \$404 00

Total, \$404 00

NEBRASKA.

NEBRASKA BRANCH.—Mrs. Geo. W. Hall, of Omaha, Treas. *Clarke*, 2.50; *Omaha*, 1st Ch., Aux., 9.65, St. Mary's Ave. Aux., 12.35; *Sutton*, 3; *Syracuse*, 10, \$37 50

JUVENILE: *Crete*, S. S., birthday offering, 3.13; *Omaha*, Mountain Rills (girls), 5.20, Steady Streams (boys), 3.10; *Stanton*, Acorn Band, 5.58, 17 01

Total, \$54 51

OHIO.

OHIO BRANCH.—Mrs. Geo. H. Ely, of Elyria, Treas. *Clardon*, Miss Stebbins, 3; *Cleveland*, Plymouth Ch., 25; *Columbus*, 1st Ch., 25; *Madison*, Mrs. H. B. Fraser, to const. L. M. Grace Selina Fraser, 25; *Marysville*, 20; *Medina*, 10; *Mt. Vernon*, 34; *Oberlin*, 100, \$242 00

JUNIORS: *Berea*, Girls' Miss. Band, 5; *Cincinnati*, Central Ch., Y. L. Soc., 125; *Painesville*, Lake Erie Sem. Miss. Soc., 50, 180 00

JUVENILES: *Cincinnati*, Columbia Ch., Willing Workers, 5; *Ironton*, Girls'-Work-for-Girls' Sec. 6.75; *Springfield*, Ruby Band, 5, \$16 75

Total, \$438 75

PENNSYLVANIA.

Allegheny, Plymouth Ch., Aux., \$6 00

Total, \$6 00

SOUTH DAKOTA BRANCH.

Mrs. H. H. Smith, of Yankton, Treas. *Faulkton*, 1.55; *Sioux Falls*, 25; *Yankton*, 12.75, \$39 30

JUVENILE: *Faulkton*, Prim. Ch., 2; *Valley Springs*, Miss. Band, 2, 4 00

Total, \$43 30

TENNESSER.

Memphis, 2d Ch., Aux., \$12 50

Total, \$12 50

WISCONSIN.

WISCONSIN BRANCH.—Mrs. R. Coburn, of Whitewater, Treas. *Arena*, 2.78; *Brandon*, 4.50; *Bristol* and *Paris*, 20; *Darlington*, 5; *Durand*, 10; *Eau Claire*, 20; *Koshkonong*, 7.07; *Milwaukee*, Grand Ave. Ch., 25.68; *Oshkosh*, friends, 2; *Ripon*, Mrs. A. E. Smith, 30.75; *Sparta*, 5.50; *Spring Green*, 3.65; *Union Grove*, 6.90; *Waupun*, 5, \$153 83

JUNIORS: *Evansville*, 3.40; *Milwaukee*, Grand Ave., 25, 28 40

FOR MORNING STAR: *Arena*, Mrs. E. R. Bovee, 5 69
Less expenses, 13.42.

Total, \$174 50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sale of "Coan's Life," 7; of leaflets, 55.76; of envelopes, 4.57; of chart, 60 cts., \$67 93

Total, \$67 93

Receipts for the month, \$2,574 75
Previously acknowledged, 7,684 03

Total since Oct. 22, 1884, \$10,258 78

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A few months ago we had the pleasure of having with us at one of the meetings of our Board in San Francisco, Miss Evans, for twelve years a missionary in Tung-cho, China. Her familiar talk on matters connected with her life there was full of interest, and from a report of her address we make the following extracts :—

MISS EVANS described a visit made to one of the villages adjoining Tung-cho. In the first place, ladies rarely make any such visits unless invited to do so: it would not be proper.

A CHINESE AUDIENCE.

On reaching the village the news of their arrival spreads very quickly, and the house selected for service is filled before they reach it with an eager, curious throng of women and children. The houses are all on one floor, built of unburnt brick, and generally consist of two rooms. In the outer room the household goods are kept and the cooking is done; the inner room is where the family live. In the center is the bed—simply a raised platform of brick, which in the daytime takes the place of chairs and table. Seating themselves upon this bed, the lady missionaries invite the women to sit down, that they may talk with them. All stand aloof, a dirty, ragged throng—the jabbering of the women and the cries of the children making the scene a noisy one. Miss Evans said that sometimes, in looking upon such a company as this, and realizing how dark their minds were, she had asked herself, Have these creatures souls? But the thought that Christ died for all, “that these souls are precious in his sight as my own,” has been most assuring. As, one by one, the women venture nearer, they ply the ladies with ques-

tions, such as, "Have you combed your hair to-day?" (a reflection upon Miss Evans's curls),—and others equally annoying, but which must be answered civilly—"What is your honorable name?" "How many children have you?" This last is a leading question, and its answer awakens suspicion; the looks of distrust go round from one to another, for there are no respectable single women in China. They think there must be something wrong. But they have heard of Mr. and Mrs. Chapin, and when Miss Evans tells them Mrs. Chapin is her sister, and she makes her home in Mr. Chapin's family, the look of distrust gives place to one of relief. They examine her dress; they tell her it is very different from theirs. Now comes her opportunity: "Yes," she says, "we are different—different in dress, in language, and in religion. We have one God, who sees all things, who knows all things." From this starting-point it is easy to go on to the wonderful truths of the gospel, only they must be very slowly and gradually unfolded to be understood. Those of us who saw and heard Miss Evans, will follow her work with special interest. May she see the fruit of her labors even to the hundred-fold!

AN HOUR IN A CHINESE WOMAN'S BIBLE-HOUSE.

[Extracts from letters from Rev. C. R. Hagar to the *Pacific*.]

It is a Sunday afternoon at the Canton hospital. Three Bible-services have already been held during the early part of the day, to which many of the patients and attendants have resorted; but this is the hour for Mrs. Dr. Kerr to instruct the women. I obtain permission to attend the service, so that I may see for myself how Bible-work among women is performed. I am to be a silent listener and a careful observer. The teacher's first object is to collect her scholars, and so she dispatches different ones to various parts of the hospital in quest of every woman. Some of them are a little loth to come, but she says they must come. She will not take no for an answer. One woman is just passing out, and about to leave the hospital; but she is stopped on the way, and compelled to attend Bible-class. To all this marshaling of the class I am a silent observer, and as they are brought around the teacher I cannot help but think that this is "compelling them to come in," and I recall the parable of the Saviour, of the man who made a great supper, and sent out his servants into the streets, lanes, highways, and hedges to compel the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind to come. Surely this scene is very much similar to that, for before me I see the aged, the lame, the halt, and blind, and if they have not been gathered directly

from the highways and hedges, still they have come to this hospital from many a humble home, where poverty reigns, and where very often they have not enough to satiate their hunger. I do not wonder at the teacher's earnestness to have all present, for she knows not but that to some it may be the last opportunity to hear the gospel.

But at last we are all seated, and ready to begin. In all the company of forty or fifty women there are but few that can read, and these have been taught by the missionaries. There is no book in the hand of the teacher; much less does she read from the sacred page. To the question previously asked, what chapter she would read, she replied: "I never read from the Bible to them, for they are too ignorant to understand what is read. Even the colloquial Gospels are incomprehensible to them. I can only tell them the story, and then very few comprehend what is said." And so the lesson is commenced, perhaps, by a very simple question of who made them, and who is the ruler of them all. Very many things are brought up that might seem to a Bible student irrelevant to the subject, but these poor women have only a few ideas. Money, food, and clothing are about the extent of a Chinese woman's knowledge, and with these few ideas many a Chinese woman lives and dies. Beyond this she knows little or nothing. No wonder that the teacher uses such simple language, and strives with all the ingenuity that she possesses to impress some truth upon them.

Even then she seems to fail. "How many souls have you?" she asks one whom she has brought very close to her; and what do you think the answer was? "Seven souls." Oh, what a sense of oppression I felt in my heart as I heard that answer, and knew that it came from a heart that was as dark as night! Poor woman! and yet she is a representative of the Chinese women who are just so ignorant. But the teacher proceeds, trying to fasten some thought in their hearts here and there, and yet how difficult the task. Some of them can scarcely understand that this gospel is for them. From the creation to the cross the teacher goes step by step, and tries to enlighten them, and as a closing appeal she asks them all to tell the story to their friends. They promise, but perhaps they will not remember it until to-morrow.

A few picture-cards are distributed at the close for the little children who may be present with their mothers; but the mothers themselves are anxious to get them, even more so than they were to receive the gospel. Aye, a little card seems in their estimation to be of more value than the "pearl of great price." As I stand in the doorway to leave that sick-room I realize the

greatness of the Chinese work, and especially that connected with the women. The picture of that hour is still in my memory, and I shall carry it to the grave. On the one hand I see the maimed bodies, the sightless eyes; on the other, souls clothed in the garments of the grossest superstition and of the blackest darkness. Their bodies are diseased, but their souls are far worse affected than the human frame, which soon must waste away. O light that has illuminated so many darkened lands, come to this vast empire, where woman is still a slave, and infanticide of the female sex is no secret!

A CHILD BAPTIZED.

One of the Christians, once a faithful helper in Sacramento, wished me to baptize his young son, not yet quite a month old. The mother is still a heathen, although her husband says she does not worship. "But," said I, "do not all your relatives still worship images?" "Yes; but my child is going to be a Christian." "I fear you do not understand the nature of infant baptism: it is a solemn thing for a parent to offer a child to God in baptism. I am afraid I cannot baptize your child while his mother is a heathen." "If I do not have my child baptized, my relatives will teach him to worship idols." "But what assurance have you that when you have returned to California they will not compel him to kneel to Buddah? You know it would be an awful thing if he should become an idolator after being baptized in Jesus' name." "I realize all this," said he; "but if my child is baptized, all the rest of my relatives will look upon him as being a Christian, and will not require him to worship the idols for them." And so, upon the solemn promise that he would bring up his child in the fear of the Lord, I consented to administer the rite. It was rather a mixed company that gathered in a small room in a newly-erected house. A few heathen men, with quite a number of children, were curious enough to see what was going to be done. A short prayer, a few words from the Bible read by all present, and then the administration of the sacred ordinance. "Do you promise that you will not permit this child to worship idols, images, or ancestors?" Slowly I uttered the words, waiting for the answer; and in a firm and unflinching voice he said, "I promise." The other questions were equally as well answered, and so I baptized Lam Ch'eung Fat's little son. During the same time the gentry of the village were dedicating an ancestral hall. Would it not be interesting to know the future career of this child? Let us hope it may be one of the chosen vessels of God to preach the gospel to many.

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